THE

LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JUNE, 1808.

MISS BOYCE,

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

IN presenting our readers with memoirs of public characters, especially those who make the stage their sphere of action, it is not our intention to make them appear objects of imitation or envy; but merely to contribute, in some degree, to that stock of general information which is requisite in polite society. Notwithstanding the illiberal prejudice which casts indiscriminate odium on all actresses, Thalia never boasted a more respectable train than she can at this period. Among these we may justly class the young lady whose portrait embellishes our present number. Miss Boyce, whose family and connections are very respectable, has embraced the stage from choice, and gives promise of improvable talents. Her figure is slight and elegant, her countenance rather interesting than handsome, and her deportment unaffectedly graceful. The principal characters, in which she has performed with credit, are, Louisa Dudley, in the West Indian—Bertha, in Percy—Una, in the Wood Demon—Florence, Curfew, and Marianna, in the Dramatist—all of which she sustained with becoming propriety. She has been on the stage about four years, during which time slander has not dared to blemish her fair fame. There

is a retiring delicacy and an unconquerable timidity in her manners, which, however they may retard her advancement in a profession which requires almost unbecoming effrontery, cannot but enhance her merit in the eyes of a respectable audience, and ensure her a welcome reception, even where arrogance and boldness may attract more clamorous applause. On the whole, we cannot but express a sentiment of regret, that native delicacy should, in so many instances, be sacrificed at the shrine of caprice and youthful impetuosity, which so often induces them to yield, without reflection, to the first impulse of the inclination, and, dazzled by a little external shew, give up for its illusive pageantry, that natural simplicity and unblemished purity of manners, which would in private life render them more truly admirable. While, on the other hand, the urgent calls of female vanity lead them into scenes which involve in peril their reputation, health, and peace of mind.

ANNE OF HOLSTEIN.

A CURIOUS anecdote is related of this princess, which, though trifling in itself, may convey to those whose vanity inclines them to credit every high sounding profession of regard, a hint how frequently their credulity may be imposed on. Anne of Holstein, eldest daughter of Peter and Catherine, is described by Bassewitz as a person of extraordinary beauty and rare endowments, of a majestic form, expressive features, and of irreproachable morals. While she was very young, Count Aprascin, a Russian nobleman, paid his addresses to her, but was rejected with scorn; not daunted, however, with this repulse, he continued his courtship; and finding her one day alone, he threw himself at her feet, offered his sword, and entreated her to put an end to his life and misery. "Give it to me," said the princess, stretching out her hand, "you shall see that the daughter of your emperor has strength and spirit sufficient to rid herself of a wretch who insults her." The count, apprehensive that she might execute her threat, withdrew the sword, and demanded instant pardon; and, as the princess told the story with great humour, the count became the de-

rision of the court. Anne espoused, in 1725, Charles Frederick, Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, to whom she had been long betrothed; bred up with the expectation of two crowns (those of Sweden and Russia), she was disappointed of both. Nominated by her mother, Catherine I. one of the council of regency during the minority of Peter II.; excluded from that council, after having only once taken her seat, by the despotism of Count Menzikoff, whom she herself had promoted with all her influence; driven from Russia by the mandate of that arrogant minister, she retired with her husband to Virel, where she died in 1728, in the twenty-second year of her age; leaving one son, the unfortunate Peter III.

THE BUSY BODY.

NO. II.

HOW frequently do we behold one of the noblest impulses of the human heart degraded by a selfish meanness, which puts philanthropy to the blush. A troop of merry Savoyards—a warbling ballad-singer—or the more specious gratification of a charity play, draws the money readily from the pocket; while the squallid care-worn child of misery passes by unrelieved, because it possesses not the talent of administering to our pleasures. Thus is worldly interest ever combined with the sensibilities of our nature. There are many thousands of charitable persons in this metropolis, who perhaps never in their lives administered to any other wants than their own; and, however paradoxical the assertion may appear, it is nevertheless a just one. I was led to make this reflection, from an incident which occurred in my walk when I set out on the Quixote errand, mentioned in my last. The evening on which I undertook this expedition, was one of those appointed for a benefit to the friends of those unfortunate people who perished in the fatal confusion at Sadler's Wells—a gay croud were hurrying across the fields to the place of entertainment, their hearts were brimful of *charity;* a spare figure of a woman stood by the side of the path, with a small basket of cakes; though not in rags, she was meanly clad, and her counte-

nance betrayed indubitable traces of want and misery. It was not to be expected that all who passed should be physiognomists, and this conclusion may serve to justify them for passing her with total disregard. Fatigued with the repeated and unsuccessful offer of her little store, she placed her basket on the ground, and leaning back against the wall, gave a heart-breaking sigh. Imagining, by my appearance, that I might have something to bestow, she hastily caught up her basket as I approached, and adjusting the white linen which covered it, made a low but tottering curtsey.—I had no *halfpence*—this is a very common excuse. The features of the poor woman changed from hope to despondency, and, like the rest, I passed on. Conscience, however, would not suffer me to proceed; I recollected that I had *silver*, and turning back, I tossed a shilling into her basket. Never did I behold such emotion as agitated her at this unlooked-for good fortune; she could not articulate her thanks, but tears of gratitude bedewed her aged cheeks.—"Have you no other means," said I, "of procuring a subsistence? You do not seem too old to work; have you never learnt any sort of business?"—"I have been better brought up, madam," said she, "than to loiter about in this idle manner, had I but health and strength; but a paralytic affliction has put it out of my power to help myself."—"But every parish provides for its poor."—"I know that," replied she, colouring, "but the provision out of doors is insufficient; and I have feelings which prevent me from becoming an inmate." There was a degree of decent pride in her answer, which I could not condemn.—"I will see you again," said I, "if you have no objection to tell me where you may be found."—"Heaven bless you," she cried, "I can have none, if you will condescend to visit the abode of wretchedness." Having satisfied her that I intended only to serve her, she told me where she lived; and I purpose, the first opportunity I have, to call on this unfortunate widow.

Pursuing my way across the field with an accelerated pace, I overtook a couple, the singularity of whose manners attracted my attention. The female was a girl apparently about fifteen years of age, extremely pretty, arch and talkative; her companion was a man in the meridian of life,

his appearance was that of a *bon vivant*, and his assiduous attentions to the young lady, made me immediately conjecture that an affair of gallantry was in contemplation; which suspicion was soon confirmed by the following dialogue:—

Female.—What, I wonder, would Mrs. —— say, if she knew that I was going alone to the Wells with you?

Gentleman.—There is no harm in it, you know, Louisa; but you must never tell her, she is of such a jealous temper.

Female.—Ah! I dare say you have given her more cause than this.

The gentleman laughed, and pointing to a house of entertainment near, said, "We shall have some supper there, when we come out."—"Oh, but it will make us very late."—"Then I must treat you with a coach home." This being settled to their mutual satisfaction, they hastened forward, and I was soon left at a considerable distance: it instantly occurred to me that this might be the very adventure which I was come in search of, and my determination was taken accordingly. Repairing without delay to the house specified, I enquired for the mistress of it; she soon made her appearance, and being, by my own desire, shewn into a private room, I thus interrogated her.—"Pray, Mrs. ——, do you expect a gentleman and a very young lady to sup in your house this evening?" She looked at me with apparent surprise, and then replied, rather pertly, "To be sure I do; many will sup here, I hope, to-night."—"It is not mere curiosity," said I, "which induces me to ask the question; I have some knowledge of the party I allude to, and therefore will take it kind of you to answer my question candidly."—Perhaps you are the gentleman's wife?" she replied, hesitatingly.—"If I am, what then?"—"Why then all is right; but will you give me your word that you will never tell how you found it out; should he know that I wrote, he would ruin the house: but indeed I thought it a cruel thing, both for you and the poor girl." This was demonstration sufficient; but another difficulty remained, which I successfully exerted my ingenuity to obviate. Taking the letter I had received from my pocket, I shewed it to her.—"It is true," said I, "this letter fell into my hands this morning, and I now find it was intended for another."—

The woman looked at the superscription, "Bless me!" cried she, "I did indeed make a mistake; I have made the number 102, instead of 120; you see there was no name, I desired the boy to give it to the lady of the house." —"It has, however, fallen into good hands, and I trust you will not scruple to let me know, without reserve, the occasion of such a letter."—"Well then, madam, you must know, that the person I expect here to-night is a man of a very base character; he is married to a very amiable industrious woman, a milliner, who takes several apprentices, two of whom he has already seduced under his own roof. The young lady who is to be brought here to-night, has lately been sent to town by her friends, to learn the business: and but for our interference, will share the same fate. As Mr. —— has been in the habit of bringing a great deal of company to our house, I do not care to offend him; but being desirous of serving such an excellent woman as Mrs. ——, who, I am told, exerted herself the other evening to comfort and assist the poor sufferers, I could not help giving her a hint of what was going on, as I thought she would have too much generosity to let me be injured through it." I was now at the bottom of the secret, but how to extricate the unsuspecting victim from her perilous situation, was what I had yet to contrive; at length providence suggested an expedient, which was successful. Having obtained from the loquacious landlady the name of the girl, and the place where her friends resided, I ordered a post-chaise to be in readiness, and sent a waiter, who knew the person of this depraved husband, into the house with a note to him, intimating, that a person intimately connected with the lady's family waited to receive her at the ——, having urgent business with her. In about a quarter of an hour they appeared; it was the very couple I had before watched; and I rejoiced that curiosity had induced me to listen to their conversation. Being under the necessity of inventing a falsehood, I intimated to the young lady that her father was dangerously ill, and required her immediate presence, on account of which, I requested permission to take her with me that night to my house at Richmond, giving him at the same time my real address; that we might set forward on our journey early the next morning. Taken

thus by surprise, and unsuspicious of any deception, no objection was made, and I carried off my prize in triumph. When we arrived at my residence, I gradually disclosed to the poor girl the scheme that had been formed for her destruction. She expressed her gratitude and joy in the language of artless simplicity; and I assured her of a safe asylum with me, till her friends could take proper measures for releasing her from the power of a villain. I have since written to her father, and pointed out to him in forcible terms his own folly, in committing a child to the protection of strangers. Thus it is, that pride and avarice too often induce parents to sacrifice the virtue of their off-spring, under the mistaken notion of putting them forward in the world: and thus does innocence fall beneath the machinations of a modern *rambler*.

GOOD BREEDING

NECESSARILY implies civility; though a person, without being well-bred, may be civil; the one is the result of good-nature, the other of good sense joined to experience, observation, and attention. To attain this desirable object, we would advise parents not to suffer their children, after a certain age, to spend the greatest part of their time among servants, or menial dependents, from whom neither good language, nor proper manners can be expected, and who seldom fail to instruct the susceptible young mind in all the low cunning and artifices of the vulgar, besides perverting all their noblest faculties by injurious habits of superstitious fear. Good breeding adorns and enforces virtue and truth; it connects, it endears, and while it indulges a just liberty, it restrains that indecent licentiousness of expression, which alienates and provokes. Great talents render a man famous; great merit procures respect; great learning veneration—but good breeding alone can ensure esteem, love, and affection. Hence it deserves to be particularly recommended to women, as the greatest ornament to such as possess beauty; and the safest refuge for those of a contrary description. It facilitates the conquest, and decorates the triumphs of beauty; while, on the other hand, it atones in some degree for the want of that quality. On the whole, good breeding is attended with so many advantageous ef-

fects, that though it cannot be called a virtue in itself, it may justly be considered as one of the most pleasing and useful accomplishments; inasmuch as it has a direct tendency to check the violence of all the turbulent passions, and to render the path through life more comfortable and easy.

PIGALLE THE ARTIST.

THIS celebrated character, who had laid by twelve louis d'ors, for his journey from Lyons to Paris; seeing one day a man, walking with visible marks of deep-felt sorrow in his countenance, boldly accosted him, and asked him "if he could in any way relieve him."—"Ah, sir!" exclaimed the stranger, "for want of ten louis d'ors, I must be dragged this evening to a dungeon, and be separated from a tender and affectionate wife, and a numerous family."—"Is that all?" replied the humane artist: "come along with me, I have twelve of them in my trunk, and they are all at your service."—"What a delicious supper," said Pigalle, the next day to a friend who met him, (and asked him, "if it were true, that he was the person who had relieved the distresses of a poor man, as was publicly reported at Lyons?")—"Ah! *mon ami*, what a delicious supper did I make last night upon bread and cheese, with a family, who blessed me at every mouthful they ate, which was moistened by the tears of gratitude."

ANECDOTE.

THE love of long christian names by the Spaniards has frequently been an object of ridicule. A Spaniard on his travels, arrived in the night at a little village in France, in which there was but one hotel. As it was almost midnight, he knocked at the door a long while without hearing any one stir. At length the host putting his head out of his chamber window, asked who was there. The Spaniard replied, "Don Juan, Pedro, Hermandez, Rodriguez, Alvarez de Villa-nova, Count de Malafra, Cavellero de Santiagog d'Alcantara."—"Mercy on me!" said the host, as he shut the window, "I have but two spare beds, and do you ask me lodging for a score?"

LITERARY BANQUET.

NO. III.

Strange specimen of the Ignorance of the Clergy, and of the Disorders of the Church, during the Middle Ages.

ABOUT the close of the tenth century, in several churches of France, a festival was celebrated in commemoration of the Virgin Mary's flight into Egypt. It was called the "Feast of the Ass." A young girl, richly dressed, with a child in her arms, was placed upon an ass, richly caparisoned. The ass was led to the altar in solemn procession. High mass was said with great pomp. The ass was taught to kneel at proper places; a hymn, no less childish than impious, was sung in his praise; and, when the ceremony was ended, the priest, instead of the usual words with which he dismissed the people, brayed three times like an ass; and the people, instead of the usual response, brayed three times in return.

ANECDOTE OF THE CROCODILE.

The beautiful simplicity of the following description, has induced the compiler to copy the exact words from an old play, published in 1612.

"The crocodile, which lives in the river Nilus, hath a worm which breeds in the teeth of it, and puts it to extreme anguish. A little bird, no bigger than a wren, is barber-surgeon to the crocodile; flies into the jaws of it, picks out the worm, and brings present remedy. The crocodile, glad of ease, but ungrateful to her that gave it, that the bird may not talk largely of her abroad for non-payment, closeth her chops, intending to swallow her, and so put her to perpetual silence: but nature, loathing such ingratitude, hath armed the bird with a quill, or prickly crest, on its head-top, which wounds the crocodile in the mouth, forces her to open her bloody prison, and away flies the pretty tooth-picker from her unworthy patient."

LIFE.

Written about Two Hundred Years ago.

I made a posy while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out—and tie
My life within this band.
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon, most cunningly did steal away,
And wither in my hand.
My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part,
Time's gentle admonition.
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion.
Farewell, dear flow'rs! sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye lived, for smell and ornament,
And, after death, for cures;
I follow straight, without complaint or grief,
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

AN ARITHMETICAL PARADOX.

In an Arabic manuscript was found this remarkable decision of a dispute. Two Arabians sat down to dinner; one had five loaves, the other had three: a stranger passing by, desired permission to eat with them, which they agreed to. The stranger dined, laid down eight pieces of money, and departed. The proprietor of the five loaves took up five pieces, and left three for the other, who objected, and insisted on half: the cause came before Ali (the chief magistrate), who gave the following judgment.

Let the owner of the five loaves have seven pieces of money, and the owner of the three loaves *one*.—Now, strange as this sentence may at first appear, the decision was just: for, suppose the loaves to be divided each into three equal parts, making twenty-four parts of all the eight loaves, and each person to have eaten a third share; therefore the stranger had seven parts of the person who contributed five loaves (or fifteen parts), and only one of him who contributed only three loaves, which make nine parts.

SPECIMEN OF AN AUCTIONEER'S CATALOGUE.

"Replete with beauteous metaphor, brilliancy of colouring, and splendor of diction."

"Particulars and conditions of sale of that elegant freehold villa called Luxborough, which will be sold on the 26th June, 1765; together with the several farms that encompass the premises; containing in the whole near six hundred acres of rich arable, meadow, pasture, and wood land, lying and being in an extensive vale, whose *surrounding acclivities* are *nobly cloathed*, and rising in *magnifique* form, exhibit *luxuriant* prospects of unequalled richness and beauty. The pleasure ground is comprized in a space of eleven acres, encompassed with Ha! Ha! and *grub walls*. The *elegant* disposition of the ground is beautifully improved with *vistas*, *groves*, and plantations, through which *walks wind* in extensive circuit. Store ponds and *elevated basons* occupy the areas, regale those fragrant coverts, and afford a constant and inexhaustible supply of water for the house, by means of lead pipes, aqueducts, &c. *Nature*, *propitious*, hath luxuriantly featured the *circumjacent* grounds, and art hath been judiciously introduced to give richness and effect. The lawn *swells* with *gentle* rise, and *easy* slopes: clumps of trees are placed in pleasing irregularity; a serpentine stream flows through the vale, heightening the verdure of the *divided* pasture; and the villages of Chigwell, Woodford, and Woodford-Bridge, dawn through that mass of prolific richness which fills the wide expanse."

THE ELEPHANT.

The following anecdote, of which M. Le Baron de Lauriston was a witness, is related by Mr. Foucher D'Obsonville, in his Philosophic Essays on the Manners, &c. of Foreign Animals, and will serve to give an idea of the sensible and benevolent character of the elephant.

"During the last war, his zeal and certain circumstances conducted him to Lacknaor, the capital of the Poubah of that

name, at a time when an epidemic distemper raged dreadfully among the inhabitants. The principal road to the palace gate was covered with the sick and dying, extended upon the ground, at the very moment when the nabob must absolutely pass. It appeared inevitable that the elephant upon which he rode must tread upon and crush many of these poor wretches in his passage, unless they waited some time to have the way cleared; but they were in haste, and besides, such tenderness was unbecoming the dignity of a prince of his importance. The elephant, however, without appearing to slacken his pace, or without receiving any command to that purpose, assisted them with his trunk, removed some, set others on their feet, and stepped over the rest, with so much address and assiduity, that not one person was hurt. An Asiatic prince and his slaves were deaf to the cries of nature, while the heart of his beast relented!

"I have seen," says M. D'Obsonville, "two elephants occupied in beating down a wall; a task which their cornacs had given them to perform, encouraging them by a promise of fruits and brandy. They combined their efforts, and, doubling up their trunks, which were guarded from injury by leather, thrust against the strongest part of the wall, and, by reiterated shocks, continued their attacks, still observing and following the effects of the equilibrium with their eyes; then, at last, making one grand effort, they suddenly drew back together, that they might not be wounded by the ruins." It is also related, that one being directed to force a large vessel into the water, the task proved beyond its strength; whereupon his master, with a sarcastic tone, said to the keeper, "take away this lazy beast, and bring another:" the poor animal, as if stung by emulation, instantly repeated his efforts, fractured his skull, and died upon the spot.

From a Poetical Miscellany, published 1658, *Author uncertain.*

TO MY MISTRESS.

I'll tell you whence the rose did first grow red,
And whence the lily whiteness borrowed:
You blush'd, and then the rose with red was dight,
The lily kiss'd your hands, and so same white:

Before that time the rose was but a stain,
The lily nought but paleness did contain;
You have the native colour;—these—they die,
And only flourish in—your livery.

A VIEW OF MODERN MANNERS.

Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

HORACE.

HOW far, or in what respects, our fathers had degenerated from their ancestors, I presume not to enquire; what has just been remarked, in comparing the prodigality of the present age with the frugality of the last, may shew that we are (nequiores) *worse* than our fathers: but, that we are about to give place to a generation worse than ourselves (progeniem vitiosiorem), seems extremely probable, if we look to the total change that has taken place in the care formerly exercised about the education of youth; than which, nothing can surely be of greater importance, or lie nearer the breast of a man claiming, or at least, deserving, the endearing name of parent.

It is not intended here to enter into the beaten track, about the system of education, whether it is a public or a private one; to correct abuses in our universities, or even to utter unavailing complaints respecting them. These have engaged the attention, and drawn forth the pens of the ablest writers: a humbler task pertains to me, "The simple annals of the poor," what relates to the middling and lower classes in society. For if the morals, manners, virtues, or whatever we please to call them, of these could be preserved from deterioration, the vices of the great, which have been nearly the same in all ages, could never quite loosen the foundations of social order, and dissolve the bands which hold a state together.

The term education, is here intended to comprehend all that belongs to care about young people, as well as instruction, or learning. Of the two, the former is of far more importance, of far more extensive influence, than the lat-

ter; and, as nature is most profuse of those benefits which are most useful to man, such as water, corn, coal, iron, &c. and is more sparing of silk, gold, diamonds, &c. so, happily, in this case, the more precious part of education is within the power of every parent who thinks it worth his while to exercise it.

At the period here made choice of, to form the contrast between the manners of the past and present age, and which I have denominated "the days of good Sir John," care in the education of children engaged a much greater share of attention than what I must distinguish by the term "book-learning." Hence we often find donations and bequests for the establishment and maintenance of charity-schools, extending no farther, in some cases, than "that the children should be taught to read well a chapter in the English bible;" a book that, in those times, was supposed to contain what was of infinite importance to be known. Moreover, that the common people should read the bible in their mother tongue, was the grand distinctive mark between popery and protestantism, as well as the main preservative from the designs of priests and jesuits, whose machinations against our religion and liberties, were justly the objects of their perpetual dread. In some few instances, the founders went a step farther, and directed the pupils to be instructed in the four leading rules of arithmetic.

Here we may pause a moment, and contemplate the wisdom of our fathers, in making the simple elements of numbers of use in finding the value of a purchase and reckoning their wages; and reading a chapter in the bible, the *ne plus ultra* of rustic erudition.

Learning, carried so far, and no further, connected with the care just mentioned, fitted them for filling and adorning the stations their fathers had moved in; fitted them for industrious farmers, honest diligent servants, and ingenious mechanics; for, as it has frequently been observed, when the powers of the human mind are concentrated as it were, and directed to the object immediately before them, their energies become wonderful, and almost surpass belief: as the works of ingenuity, brought by our navigators over from among savages, abundantly prove. So, the measure of learning given these, not being sufficient to fire the mind

with ambition, or to inspire the idea of extraordinary success, or making their fortune, as it is called, by exchanging their place of birth, for the great cities; their natural energies were exerted to make themselves useful and respectable in the station and rank in which their lot was cast: and this could only be by the lowly, but useful talents, of ingenuity, industry, sobriety, frugality, and, above all, honesty. Who can restrain a glowing sensation, at the pleasing recollections brought to his remembrance, by the term, *an honest fellow*, as it was applied in former days? an appellation not merely titular, "a voice, and nothing more;" but was deservedly appropriated, and conveyed the idea of upright dealing, punctuality, friendship, in a neighbour; kindness, humanity, tenderness, in a parent, or master; fidelity, personal attachment to his master and family, in a servant.—Our "rude forefathers of the hamlet" then slept in safety, with fastenings of the slightest kind, or none at all: the barn, the granary, the bacon and cheese-chamber, had seldom the common defence of a lock; yarn, and webs of cloth, the product of domestic industry, were laid to bleach night and day in the paddock, or orchard, without fear of the robber; the only depredatory inroads they feared, were those of the fox among the poultry, or, at most, some gypsey, or travelling tinker; objects of great terror to the wives and daughters of the tenants of old Sir John.

If any of the more aged among my contemporaries, shall honour this rude essay with a perusal, they can confirm the truth of what is here advanced, as eye-witnesses of the facts stated above, of rural security, arising from the mode of education then pursued; consisting more in care to instil principles, and regulate conduct, than to make, what are called, scholars.

We may now, by way of contrast, consider the effects produced by the general diffusion of knowledge; by the illumination, as the phrase is, of all ranks; the passion for boarding-schools descending to the lowest orders in society, which are capable of bearing the expence: from the contrast we may form a judgment, whether relaxing our care in the education of children, and increasing their acquaintance with books, is an improvement upon the last age.

Here I would avoid repeating, what has been a thousand times reiterated, of the pernicious consequences of reading novels, plays, &c. denominated the "Trash of the circulating Libraries;" for even a novel itself now seeks to invite readers, by railing at these, and exhibiting characters sophisticated by them; as also some very successful plays have been very beneficial to the managers, which had for their object the hurtful tendency of theatrical amusements, and the folly of being play-struck. But, without falling into the beaten track of railing at these, it may be asserted, with safety, that the meanest mechanic, common servant, and labourer, having now left off reading the chapter in the bible, (of which only their fathers were capable,) are earnestly engaged in the perusal of newspapers, seditious pamphlets, the poison of which is copiously administered in two-penny and three-penny doses; and, like those other poisons "intituled and called" medicines, often distributed gratis, for the benefit of such as cannot afford to buy. The farmer's kitchen, and the cottage, are now what coffee-houses were formerly, with respect to politics—hot-beds of discontent, insubordination, and what not: but, *ne ultra crepidam*, not to go beyond my last, a great change is produced in the simplicity of manners spoken of above, when property of every kind was safe without the intervention of bolts and bars; for you may now hear masters complain of being unable to find a servant whom they can trust with the key to give a feed of corn to their horse. We may here, *en passant*, cast an eye upon their masters. These, the tenants of Sir John, no more than their neighbours, had received an education beyond being able to read the bible, and a little common arithmetic—here and there one, by the mere force of natural abilities, went a step farther, and read Fox's Book of Martyrs, to strengthen his abhorrence of popery; and if through the natural thirst of knowledge, which it is not easy to repress, he had gained some acquaintance with the History of England, he became the orator of the village, whose unadorned eloquence possessed a most enviable command over the passions of his auditory, while he recounted the glories of our Edwards and Henrys, King William's happy advent, and, above all, the accession of the illustrious protestant house of Hanover, (then a

recent event). How would their countenances flush with joy, at hearing him enlarge on their future security from popery and tyranny, considered as certain and as durable as the continuance of that family on the throne. Thus if any of one these simple rustics, by the energy of his own mind, towered above his fellows, his talents were exerted for the best of purposes, to promote contentment, loyalty, and the love of their country. But, in general, they were plain unlettered men, whose highest honour consisted in being esteemed a good neighbour and an honest man; and whose abilities were displayed in the management of their little farms, and their ambition went no farther than that their family should appear decently. For their support, it was necessary that his produce should be carried regularly to market, and sold at the price of the day; his intelligence extended no farther than the prices to be obtained at some neighbouring market-town, where he would perhaps hear that some particular kind of grain had fetched sixpence per quarter more, and he would sometimes be induced to carry his corn thither: this was the utmost he attempted, or had in his power to attempt, in the way of raising markets. In those days the supply was regular, because the necessities of his family required that he should every week have something to sell. The quantity not being greater than was needful for weekly consumption, it passed immediately into the hands of the consumer, according to law; and, indeed, there was no opening for middle-men, a character then unknown in this kingdom, and who have brought such calamities upon the poor, and to them produce the miseries of famine in the midst of plenty. Compare this with the present characters we call farmers, and we see the change produced among them not less striking, nor its effects less pernicious to society in this class than that of servants. Instead of the simple motives just described, the land is now tilled and dressed by men who do not themselves put their hand to the plough, but by persons who can read, write, reason, combine, compare, correspond, in the manner of merchants and trading companies in great cities; form societies for agricultural purposes, that is, to collect and communicate intelligence from and into every, even the remotest corner of the kingdom, to act in concert, and deal out or

withhold the necessaries of life, and thus accomplish (what appears very surprising to those who do not view the subject in this light), an artificial scarcity, an appearance of want, and of consequence an advance in price, in the midst of plenty, in every county in England, on the same day. Thus can this formidable organized body, this rapacious phalanx, this corps of mercilessness, marshalled and armed at all points, for defence and annoyance, dwelling in the midst of us, bring to pass what the most cruel tyrant, or blood-thirsty conqueror, could not accomplish at the head of his ferocious legions.

[*To be continued.*]

The Moth hovering round a lighted Taper; an Emblem of Inordinate Desire.

"The busy insect hov'ring round the light,
Pleas'd with the taper's beams which gild the night,
Still round and round, in giddy circles flies,
Till caught within the scorching blaze, it dies.
Ah! silly thing, the source of all thy joy,
A beauteous mischief, shines but to destroy:
E'en so the youth, who burns with wild desires,
Oft falls the victim of unhallow'd fires.
Avoid the glitt'ring evil, shun the snare,
Which sin and guile for artless youth prepare:
Lest, with the moth, one common fate you prove,
And perish by the excesses which you love."

THE Moth, allured by the brightness of the candle, flits round the flame, till at last it approaches too near, and is consumed by the heat. A fit emblem this, of those unwary ones who play around the verge of disguised infamy, till at length they precipitate themselves into the abyss of ruin.

There is nothing more dangerous than listening to the allurements of vice, though with the most innocent intention. It is like playing upon the brink of a precipice: by making the idea familiar, it generally takes off its terrors, and brings on a false security, that generally betrays it into a fall.

The fly, and many other winged insects, have the same propensity to hovering round a luminous body, and fre-

quently die by the heat, which is inseparable from the brightness they so much desire; but none of them so frequently find their fate in the blaze as the moth, which is almost as sure to perish by the candle, as to perceive its light. The moth feeds chiefly upon woollen cloth, stuffs, furs, &c. and is an animal of so delicate a texture, that a slight touch crushes it to pieces; it is, therefore, the last creature in the world to sustain the attacks of so terrible an enemy as fire; yet this enemy, in the resemblance of a friend, courts it to draw near, and afterwards works its inevitable destruction.

The like fate, I presume, is too often the unfortunate and wretched state of our fellow-creatures. How often does a vile wretch prey upon the innocent heart of a young female, and, after apparently assuring her of happiness, leaves her destitute of the smallest consolation!

Shun, therefore, all temptations, if you are wise; and be not deceived by appearances. Vice, folly, and danger, lurk often amidst the most inviting forms; but try the tree; not by its appearance, but by its fruit, you shall know it.

"Sweetest leaves the rose adorn,
Yet beneath them lurks the thorn:
Fair and flow'ry is the brake,
Yet it hides the speckled snake."

Consider and beware, for he who would avoid sorrow, must be wary in his steps; and he who would shun misfortune, must be careful to take wisdom for his companion.

M. P. M.

THE VICES OF FASHION.

A SHORT HISTORY.

ABOUT the latter end of November, Thomas L——, Esq. repaired to the metropolis with his lady, from Berkshire. Every one who knows Mr. L——, knows that he is the head of an ancient family, and that his fortune was equal to his birth. His wife was one of those young ladies whom one meets with in every country town in the kingdom; who have seen neither the world, nor particular good com-

pany, farther than at a visit to the neighbouring 'squire's, or at the monthly assembly of the neighbouring borough. Nursed from her infancy in the bosom of innocence and retreat, it was easy for her to abstain from vice which she never saw: and, like millions of her sex, she was virtuous only because she had not an opportunity to be vicious.

Exactly such was her character when she arrived in town with her husband. The family, the fortune, the connections of Mr. L——, entitled her to share the pleasures of what is called *polite life;* and he told her so. She took him at his word. She entered the circle of pleasure, and soon mixed with the *beau monde.* The scene was novel, and that was sufficient to make it agreeable. Her new friends were pleased with her, and she was in raptures with them. In short, so expert an adept was Mrs. L——, in the mysteries of polite revelry, that before the end of two months she arrived at what is called, at the west end of the town, the head of the *bon ton*—she was admitted, with the most flattering familiarity, to the Duchess of ————'s route. She was now seated at what she considered the summit of human happiness.

Let us now look back for a moment, at the once loved scenes they left in Berkshire—the high reverend castle, fenced around with oaks of three centuries growth; the arching arbours, the extensive park; and the majestic river, silently winding its mazy course; let us look at these, and compare—Oh! horrid, horrid thought! But we must not anticipate.

Once more then we are in the capital. Mrs. L—— now moved in the circle of life, not only with ease, but with grace; she sauntered through the drawing-room, she languished in the opera box, and she was deep in the secret at C——'s; she attended the first winter masquerade at Carlisle house, and was dressed as a sultana. It was here she got acquainted with the wretch K——. He was a wretch indeed, and, under the specious mask of fashion and honour, robbed her of virtue and peace of mind.

But the catastrophe was behind. Mr. L—— was not blind to his wife's behaviour. He saw that she detested her own house, and from that easily concluded she detested him. His honour was roused by the new manners she had

adopted, and he resolved to watch her. On the evening of the masquerade we have before-mentioned, he pretended to set out for Drury Lane theatre; instead of which, he went to a warehouse, buried his shape and features in the habit of a country waggoner, and followed his wife to the masquerade. He marked her all the night. There was much to be seen, and he saw all, even to the last moment; and, the instant their coach drove off, which conveyed her to a scene of greater infamy, he leaped into another, and directed the coachman to follow their track. In short, he alighted soon after them, near Mrs. F.'s door, and had but too much cause to be convinced of his disgrace.

To finish the story, the gallant was seized, but suffered to escape the punishment due to his crime, on condition of his never appearing in England again; Mr. L—— carried his wife down next morning to Berkshire, where she must wash away the follies and crimes of three short months by a long repentance and many tears—companions which will never forsake her till they lead her to the grave.

FASHION, thou dear, licentious, heedless, motley demon! how various are thy shapes! how wide is thy empire! —That secret charm is thine, to lead the million captive, to mould us into monsters, or to change us into fools!—Man is thine, and woman too—the world is thine—from the rosy youth up to the lean and slippered pantaloon. The little love-eyed girl, her bosom beating for she knows not what, her young heart fluttering she knows not why, leaps from her nurse's arms into thine. The antient coquette and withered lady of sixty, braiding her hoary locks, and smoothing her wrinkled brow, quits at once her crape and her Creator, and kneels at thy shrine. Nor least, though last, that taper, thin, two-legged bagatelle—that soft-faced, soft-hearted thing, with a great head, and nothing in it, thy well-beloved Macaroni: for thee he dances, dresses, ogles, limps; for thee he trips on tiptoe, limps like a semptress, skips upon carpets, and ambles round ladies' knees; for thee he quits his manhood, and is that amphibious, despicable thing that we see him. Great is thy empire, O FASHION! and great is thy mischief; for thou leadest thy votaries astray—thou leadest them to adultery and tears.

M. P. M.

MATERNAL ADVICE,

AND THE GOOD EFFECT OF A VIRTUOUS EDUCATION;

Exemplified in a Series of Letters, alternately passing between an attached Parent and her Son and Daughter; who, by a singular turn in the wheel of fortune, had unexpectedly come into the possession of riches and rank.

Fortune sometimes assumes a rugged brow,
But to endear her smiles, and make the turn
More welcome to us, as 'tis unexpected,
How sweet is rest after a toilsome day!
How pleasant light, after a length of darkness!
How relishing good-fortune after ill!

HAVARD'S SCANDERBERG.

TO LIEUTENANT COLVILLE,

On Board his Majesty's Ship Europa.

Colville Castle, Dec. 1807.

MY DEAREST EDWARD,

SO rapid have been the transitions, and so astonishing the changes, which have occurred within the last three months; and, during that period, my mind has experienced such a variety of emotions, that I scarcely know how to collect my scattered ideas, so as to give you a circumstantial detail of the wonder-working hand of that Great Being, who has permitted events so unexpected and extraordinary to take place.

The spot from whence my letter is dated, will be sufficient to excite astonishment in your breast; but this sensation will be greatly increased, when I tell you I have sold off all my effects, and bade adieu to the dear little cottage in which you were born, and with my faithful domestics, Susan and Robert, taken up my abode in Colville Castle.

As you peruse this intelligence, my beloved son, I think I see your animated countenance suffused with a glow of indignation, at the recollection of the insulting treatment I once met with from the titled possessor of this superb mansion!—Yet remember, my dear Edward, that the forgiveness of injuries is one of the strongest duties christianity

requires: and though your mother was then treated as an outcast by Lord Colville, that injurious mode of conduct was rather the effect of false representation, than produced by cruelty of disposition, or depravity of heart.

From Lord Colville not having any children, he educated his eldest nephew, Lionel, as his own son; and, by enabling him to pursue every fashionable amusement, (I may say,) involuntarily led him into dissipation; for being permitted to draw upon his uncle, for sums which would have supported a large family, he thoughtlessly ran into every species of extravagance; and, about two months back, lost his life in a duel, the occasion of which was a quarrel respecting a gambling debt. The melancholy event was deeply felt by his doating uncle, who immediately adopted his second nephew, George; a young man, whom I need not observe to you, was every way deserving, as you are no stranger to the rectitude of his principles, and the goodness of his heart.

Poor George, however, previous to his brother's dissolution, had joined his regiment in the West Indies, and before the intelligence reached that country, had fallen a victim to that inveterate disease, which for several years has raged with unprecedented violence in those devoted isles.—Edward, the younger, and only surviving male branch of the family, had at that period just quitted Eton, and was entered at King's College; from whence he received a summons to attend his uncle, who had never seen him since a mere child; all his affection having been lavished upon Lionel, and the other two scarcely receiving the slightest marks of esteem.

Edward, eager to obey the summons, quitted college without delay; in opposition to the advice of a medical gentleman, under whose care he was for a pulmonary complaint. Whether his constitution was not equal to the rapidity with which he travelled, or whether he was put into a damp bed upon the road, I am not able to determine, but when he arrived at the castle he was so ill as scarcely to be able to walk; and a physician being immediately sent for, he declared him to be in a very dangerous state: by this intelligence poor Lord Colville was reduced nearly to a state of distraction: two more physicians were immedi-

ately summoned, who instantly pronounced the case hopeless. At this time I happened to be upon a visit to my worthy friend, the Dean of ———, who, you know, resides within five miles of the castle, and consequently hearing of this succesion of calamitous circumstances, I sent his servant to make enquiries after poor Edward's health.

The servant returned in less time than I could have imagined possible, and put the following affecting lines into my hand; saying, his lordship's carriage was preparing, and would be at the dean's in a few minutes.

"TO MRS. COLVILLE.

"If you have christianity enough to forgive past injuries, and humanity enough to sooth a tortured breast; come, without delay, to a poor old man, whose trials require the aid of friendship to sustain him!

"COLVILLE."

That I unhesitatingly obeyed the summons, you, my dear Edward, cannot entertain a doubt; but, to describe the scene I witnessed is impossible, for, at the moment I entered the castle, the ill-fated Edward expired; and his almost distracted uncle accused himself with being the cause of his death.

The amiable youth, however, had no parents to bewail his premature dissolution; they have, you know, long since received the rewards of a well spent life; and I understand, from Mr. Butler, your cousins' guardian, that the fortune of both brothers devolves to you: George's was only two thousand; but Edward's, from a legacy, double that sum. Though I said and did every thing in my power to assuage the violence of Lord Colville's feelings, yet his reply constantly was, "I have received my death stroke! and consider it as a judgment, for neglecting you and your children!"

Prophetic, my dear Edward, proved this declaration!—You know his lordship has for years been a martyr to the gout, with which he was attacked on the day after your poor cousin's funeral; whose body, in spite of all persuasions, he would follow to its last abode. Previous to the funeral, he sent off an express to two eminent lawyers, and though knowing you must necessarily be heir to his title

and estates, he generously left you twenty thousand pounds in the stocks; nominating Sir Charles Prescot executor with you, and appointing you residuary legatee. To your sister he has left fifteen thousand pounds; to Sir Charles one; to the housekeeper and steward fifty pounds a year, and to all the inferior domestics twenty pounds; with particular orders that they fill their respective stations until your return: requesting I would dispose of the cottage, and reside at the castle. To me, my dear Edward, this benevolent cousin has left fifteen hundred a year; which, at my decease, reverts in that order it would have done, had it been at my own disposal.

Here, my dear son, I pause, (and entreat you to do so), for the purpose of pouring out my grateful heart to the Great Giver of these good things. And oh! my beloved boy, may he enable you to bear this unexpected tide of fortune without the display of pride or ostentation; always remembering the source from whence these unexpected blessings have flowed.

But, to return to the cause of poor Lord Colville's dissolution; which, as I observed, was the gout suddenly attacking his stomach, and limiting his sufferings to a few hours.

What a lesson is here for the vain and inconsiderate! four deaths in one family, within the short space of three months!—And what a sudden elevation to you, my dear fellow, from an humble lieutenancy to a peer of the realm! yet let not the tinkling sound of "your lordship," pervert those noble principles which dignified Mr. Colville's breast; for what are titles and riches, when compared with the inward satisfaction we experience from the retrospect of a well-spent life?

You have hitherto, my dear Edward, done honour to the situation in which heaven in its wisdom ordained you to fill; but you will now have new duties to perform, new avocations to employ you; and you will become a mark, at which envy and malice will feel pleasure at pointing their shafts. Repel them by a steady adherence to the path of rectitude. You have tasted the cup of affliction, and ought to feel for those who are compelled to drink the bitter draught; for my own part, I only value this increase of fortune from knowing it will enable me to cheer the widows'

and the orphans' heart; and the pageantry and state, with which I am now surrounded, is totally uncongenial to my natural taste.

Hasten home then, my dear son, and take this burden from my shoulders; for though in the early part of my life I was accustomed to all its elegancies, yet, from habit, retirement has become so congenial to my feelings, that I sometimes cannot help wishing myself in the cottage again, receiving the unvarnished proofs of my faithful Susan's fidelity, instead of the obsequious attentions of these party-coloured gentlemen.

What an enormous letter have I written! yet without mentioning my usual theme; but do not suppose that this silence proceeds from a diminution of regard, or that my beloved Louisa is less dear to her doating mother's heart.—But this amiable lovely girl, (excuse the expression) is no longer the solacer of every care; I parted from her yesterday morning, and feel an inexpressible vacuum at my heart. —I consented, reluctantly consented, to my worthy friend, Mrs. Douglass's proposal, of taking this treasure of my soul with her to London, where the dean and herself purpose passing the three ensuing months; for as the dear girl will be now destined to move in a different sphere to that which I expected, I considered it a duty incumbent upon me to let her have the advantage of finishing masters; and as I faithfully promised his lordship not to quit the castle till its new master took possession of it, I availed myself of Mrs. Douglass's friendly proposal; well aware that my dear girl, under the hospitable roof of these respectable relations, would enjoy the double advantage of precept and example.

Though Sir Charles Prescot assures me there is no doubt of your obtaining leave to quit the navy, the moment you are made acquainted with the unexpected transition in your fortue; yet knowing, my beloved Edward, your high sense of honour, I cannot help fearing that you should remain in your present station until the time appointed for your ship to return; and though a merciful providence has hitherto protected you, yet, whilst remaining in a post of danger, I cannot help thinking that your precious life hangs as it were upon a thread.

As I, my beloved Edward, had no wealth to bestow upon

you, I did not think myself authorized to oppose my wishes to your own; yet many were the pangs, and severe the conflict, before I could reconcile myself to the mode of life which you chose; still, knowing it to be an honourable one, I endeavoured to lull those apprehensions, which it was impossible to overcome.—But now, my dear fellow, that I consider you as the sustaining prop of a noble family, which must fail without your support, I can no longer consent to your pursuing a profession attended with so many dangers; and, if my peace is dear to you, let me conjure you immediately to return.

Adieu, my beloved son; may guardian angels protect you, is the ardent prayer of

Your fondly attached mother,

E. COLVILLE.

Colville Castle, Dec. 1807.

As Doctor Douglass's servant has this moment informed me he is going to send a packet of letters to his respected master, I cannot resist the inclination I feel to address my beloved Louisa, though we have not been separated eight and forty hours.—Short as that period is, yet to your attached mother, my dearest Louisa, it actually seems an age; for it is the first time I ever was divided from you since the hour of your birth.

This castle, which, in my opinion, always possessed a sombre appearance, since your departure has acquired an additional gloom; and when I wander through the extensive range of apartments, I look back to the comfort I experienced in my humble, but peaceful home. The pageantry of this world never afforded me gratification; and the numerous train of domestics which surround me, I consider as so many useless pieces of furniture, which, though they may be ornamental, certainly answers no rational purpose. —As it was the wish, however, of our deceased benefactor, that they should be retained in their respective offices until your brother's return, I am not authorised to diminish their number; though half would be sufficient to answer every purpose. Should it be your fate, my dear girl, to marry a man of affluent fortune, I hope he will see the folly of

keeping an unnecessary train of servants; for as idleness is the root of every evil, it is impossible to calculate the mischief which arises from this fashionable expence.

When the weekly accounts are brought to me, I am really astonished at the sum which is expended in supporting a parcel of useless beings. Sums which would sustain many worthy families are lavished, for the purpose of keeping up what is termed appearances! Yet do not suppose, my dear girl, I consider servants as useless; on the contrary, I am completely aware of the comforts which we derive from their exertions; I only regret that folly and fashion should render their number supernumerary; neither should I have expatiated upon such a subject, had I not observed that you appeared gratified by the number with which you have lately been surrounded.

In the family with whom you now reside, you will find a sufficient number of domestics to perform all necessary avocations, yet no part of their income is wasted in supporting a set of useless idlers; merely from the vain ostentation of having their friends ushered into their presence by three servants instead of one.

To a girl of sixteen, bred in the bosom of retirement, every thing will not only appear new, but enchantingly attractive; yet do not, my beloved Louisa, suffer the manners of those with whom you may associate to corrupt the spotless purity of your uncontaminated heart, or destroy those principles of religion and virtue which I have taken so much pains to instil.

In Mrs. Douglass's family, I am persuaded, you will only associate with those of the most correct morals; yet, as she mixes with the world, you will of course be introduced into large assemblies, where virtue and vice are heterogeneously classed; and where you will hear the rusticated life you have hitherto led ridiculed, and your mother, in all probability, censured.—But beware, my dearest girl, of listening to such conversation; for though it would ill become you to attempt reforming the world, yet you may always put a check to such counsellors, by saying, that though you are a novice in fashionable manners, yet you have a sufficient knowledge of the rules of politeness, to be convinced that time and friendship can only authorize unasked advice.

And now, my dear Louisa, let me avail myself of those two privileges, and entreat you to be particularly attentive to the instruction of your different masters; for though accomplishments are far inferior to virtuous principles, they are a passport to general regard.—Endeavour to excel in all your undertakings, yet never assume an air of consequence upon what are denominated superficial acquirements; but let your demeanour be marked by modest diffidence, without any awkward bashfulness. But in Mrs. Douglass, my dear girl, you have an example of the perfect gentlewoman; never were female manners more completely fascinating; yet it is the virtues of her heart which I am still more desirous you should emulate; for in *her* the pious christian is united with mildness and elegance.

Impatiently shall I long for a letter from my own Louisa; let her always be explicit and confidential; yet it would be impossible for my dear girl to have a secret from a heart that so tenderly participates in all her emotions.

Adieu, my best of daughters! may guardian angels watch over your youth and inexperience, is the ardent prayer of

Your fondly attached mother,

ELIZA COLVILLE.

THE SISTERS OF ROSE DALE;

OR,

MODERN ADOPTION.

[Concluded from page 263.]

AS soon as propriety admitted, William announced to his father his intention of espousing his beloved Fanny. The old man heard him with surprise, and reminded him of his former objections—"I thought," said he, "that you had too much regard and respect for me, to act in opposition to my will."—"It is true, father," said William, "that I should be sorry to vex or offend you; but when I gave my word that I would not marry without your consent, my Fanny had a parent to protect her; she is now destitute, poor, and an orphan, the whole village knows of my attachment, and if I do not now step forward, and prove that it

is honourable, her reputation must inevitably suffer. Therefore I must declare, that, under these circumstances, she must and shall be my wife; you may withhold all worldly advantages, we will labour for our support: give us but your favour and forgiveness, and we shall be happy." The old man was affected by this spirited reply.—"Well, my boy," said he, "I will indulge you; wait only one week, until I have settled a little business, with which you shall be hereafter acquainted." William willingly consented to this short delay; but the week passed away, and his father again required that he should defer his marriage.—William, unwilling to irritate him, once more acquiesced; till, wearied with repeated excuses, he declared that no consideration should induce him to trifle with the feelings of an amiable girl any longer. At length the day was fixed for their union; Fanny had taken up her residence at the farm-house, and was treated with particular kindness by Mr. and Mrs. Meadows, and her affectionate heart was elated with the happy prospect now before her. On the evening previous to the day appointed for their marriage, as William was walking with Fanny on the grass plot which was in front of the house, they were much surprised by the appearance of a carriage driving directly towards their residence, with servants in mourning liveries, and, on a nearer approach, their astonishment was increased, at beholding Lady Fitzgerald. William and Fanny hurried back to the door to receive her, and were inexpressibly shocked to perceive that she was in the sable habit of a widow. She caught the hand of Fanny, and drawing her towards her, said, "My dear girl, I am sorry I have been under the necessity of keeping you so long in suspense; but the shock my spirits sustained in the knowledge of the melancholy event, which I have to announce, prevented my paying earlier attention to Mr. Meadows's letter."—"I did not know that he had written to you, madam," returned Fanny, with increased surprise; "but pray be seated, I perceive you have hurried yourself; explain all when you are more composed." Old Meadows entering soon after, Lady Fitzgerald intimated that she wished to have some private conversation with him; and they accordingly had a conference, which lasted about a quarter of an hour. William and Fanny were then sum-

moned into her presence.—"My dear young friends," said she, "I am extremely happy that providence has conducted you to each other; from all I can learn, you are equally deserving, and since I have the power to confirm your happiness, be assured your most anxious wishes shall be gratified; it now remains for me to inform you, that William is not the son of Mr. Meadows, but of Lord Fitzgerald—the child of an unfortunate girl, who fell a victim to my lord's indiscretion: I must not give it a harsher name, for death has closed the scene of his iniquities."—"Oh, madam!" exclaimed Fanny, "what is become of my poor sister?"—"I am sorry that I cannot give you any positive information," replied Lady Fitzgerald; "all I know you shall hear. You may recollect, Mr. Meadows," said she, addressing William, "that when I saw you in town, I dropped some hints, which I then refused to explain; your mother was the only child of him you have so long considered your parent—they resided on our estate in Somersetshire, and the beauty of Maria, like that of the unhappy Matilda, was her ruin.—Lord Fitzgerald decoyed her from her home, and concealed her in an obscure retreat, where, soon weary of her tears and reproaches, he left her to suffer all the miseries of shame and want: thus distressed, with her infant in her arms, she applied to me, and implored from me succour and protection—I need not say, that I could not refuse her request—I advised her to seek a reconciliation with her parents, but she informed me that they were too much exasperated against her, to receive or countenance her. I then resolved on placing the child with them, without their knowing to whom it belonged, and for that purpose took a journey down with the infant William. I easily fabricated a tale to answer the desired end; and having enjoined them to secrecy, I made them the offer of a comfortable and lucrative farm, in a distant part of the country, whither I enjoined them to repair and rear the child as if it was their own. This they consented to, and I soon after placed Maria in a respectable situation; but anxiety and remorse preyed on her spirits, and brought her to an early grave. Many illiberal suspicions have been attached to my conduct in this affair; but conscious rectitude has ever supported me against the calumny of the world.—

Mr. Meadows believing William to be my son, would not consent to your union without apprising me, and obtaining my approbation; he is now overwhelmed with gratitude and confusion, regrets his former inflexibility towards his poor imprudent daughter, and is willing to bestow on you a father's blessing. Thus far, William, I have acquainted you with all that concerns yourself; we must now enter on a still more unpleasant subject. Lady Fitzgerald then delivered to Fanny a letter, which she had received from Matilda, which Fanny perused with impatient eagerness: it ran thus—

"MADAM,

"Unworthy as I am, I should not presume to address you, but for the melancholy event which has just taken place; and in which I am, unhappily, too deeply concerned. I need not wound your feelings, by repeating the persuasions which were used to induce me to accompany Lord Fitzgerald hither; but, in justice to myself, guilty as I am, I must declare I knew not till lately that he was a married man; I learnt the secret from an officer in the regiment, who thought proper to persecute me with his attentions.—Lord Fitzgerald, enraged at his interference, and perhaps additionally irritated by jealousy, challenged and fought with him; the event was fatal to his lordship, who was thus precipitated into eternity, without preparation or repentance.—Oh, madam, believe me, this horrible event has effected a total change in my ideas: my sin and shame lie heavy at my heart, and I feel myself unable to bear up against the dreadful shock of my spirits.—I was brought up virtuously, but with too tender indulgence; I have been ungrateful to my dear benefactress, and have clouded the last days of my poor mother with grief.—Let my sad example afford a lesson to my sister, and she will not cease to thank heaven that her person is not an object of temptation; may she forgive my offences against her, and seek her happiness only in that humble sphere, which her virtue and piety cannot fail to adorn.—A long and last adieu to you all.

"MATILDA."

Fanny burst into tears as she read this affecting letter—"She is dead—I know she is dead!" was all she could

utter. "I fear, indeed," said Lady Fitzgerald, "that she has committed a rash and impious action. Wretched girl! she has heaped sin upon sin, and the measure of her iniquity is complete. Had she repentingly cast herself upon us, we would have soothed her sorrows and tranquillized her mind, by those precepts of divine consolation which afford hope to the penitent sinner: but compose yourself, my dear girl, I have written to the colonel who has succeeded Lord Fitzgerald, requesting information, and offering protection to Matilda, if she is yet living—we must not despair too soon."

A few weeks served to restore Fanny to comparative tranquillity; and preparations for the nuptials were again made. Lady Fitzgerald made a handsome settlement on the young bride, which enabled Meadows to take a spacious farm, and commence business with credit and satisfaction. Lady Fitzgerald, disgusted with the town, determined to reside in Somersetshire, and took an elegant little cottage in the vicinity of the farm; and her society was both advantageous and pleasant to Mrs. Meadows.

One day Fanny was much surprised by a message from a neighbouring inn-keeper, that a stranger requested to see her; she immediately hastened thither, accompanied by her husband, and was filled with the most joyful emotions at beholding her sister!—Matilda, bathed in tears, fell at her feet; Fanny raised and clasped her in her arms—"My poor Matilda, I thought you dead!"—"I own," said Matilda, "that when I addressed that letter to Lady Fitzgerald, my mind was filled with gloomy and horrid thoughts; but divine providence interfered and saved me from perdition. The generosity of the colonel, who, unlike his predecessor, found more pleasure in restoring a wretch to virtue, than seducing her to infamy, has enabled me to return to you. I now throw myself on your mercy, and can only affirm, that if you will not abandon me, you shall not again find me ungrateful."—Mr. and Mrs. Meadows both embraced her, and assured her of their protection, and she returned with them to the farm. Lady Fitzgerald too forgave her former ingratitude: and, convinced by sad experience, of the folly of her former notions, she assisted

Fanny cheerfully in her domestic concerns; and in a short time was respected by all her friends, for her goodness of heart and propriety of conduct—but her fatal error often caused her a secret pang, when she beheld the unalloyed felicity of her sister—felicity, the result of virtue, and which she must never hope to obtain. Meadows and his wife, blest in each other, and successful in all their undertakings, might be truly said to realize that charming description of our admired poet, Thomson:—

——— "What is the world to them?
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, or lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look,
Or on the mind, or mind illumin'd face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent heaven.

E. F.

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. V.

MR. PRATT.

THIS admired and justly celebrated writer may be justly classed among the most superior novellists of the day; in fact, his are not novels, but narratives, in which real or fictitious events are blended with the tenderest sensibilities of the heart. Under the signature of Courtney Melmoth, he wrote the "Tutor of Truth,"—"Pupil of Pleasure,"—and "Shenstone Green,"—works which he need not have blushed to affix his real name to. His "Liberal Opinions," evince an author of reflection and elevated sentiment; "Emma,"—"Family Secrets,"—and three volumes of "Gleanings," complete, we believe, the catalogue of his works, excepting poems and dramatic pieces, which, we hope, will be yet considerably extended. No author speaks more forcibly to the heart, or manages his subject with more elegance, judgment, and delicacy.

MISS PORTER.

The writings of this lady evince considerable taste and knowledge of polite literature; her first essay was "Victoria," which being sanctioned with approbation, encouraged her to produce the "Spirit of the Elbe," a tale of great ingenuity, and prettily delivered. Since that her powers have greatly improved—"The Lake of Killarney," and "Thaddeus of Warsaw," are charming tales; the latter contains much historical fact, and is an almost incomparable production. Her last work, "Aphorisms of Sir Philip Sidney," is reputed to have great merit. We believe the "Hungarian Brothers," is also from her pen.

MISS ANN PLUMBTREE

Is an ingenious and lively writer; her pieces have much spirit and originality: she has also been very happy in her translations. The "Mountain Cottager, or Wonder upon Wonder," is a whimsical little tale.—"The Modern Griseldis," and "Something New, or Adventures at Campbell House," boast considerable merit.

MRS. PARSONS.

The facility with which this lady produces her works, may serve as an apology for the few errors which occasionally occur in the composition; on the whole, her novels are strictly moral, well written, and interesting—the principal of these are, "History of Miss Meredith,"—"Love and Gratitude,"—"Old Miser and his Family," and "Voluntary Exiles."

MRS. RADCLIFFE.

This celebrated romance writer has, for several years, discontinued her efforts for the amusement of the public.—The romance of "The Forest,"—"The Italian," and "The Mysteries of Rodolpho," are universally read and admired. In this peculiar department none have ever excelled or equalled her.

THE PRINCE AND THE MERCHANT.

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

(Concluded from page 248).

ACT II.—SCENE I.

The Dominion of Usbec Can.—A Caravansara.

Enter Couloffe and Dalira.

Couloffe.—We have at length reached this place in safety; but still innumerable difficulties remain; we are here without friends, without resources: should your father prove inflexible, nothing will be left us but despair.

Dalira.—Be not faint-hearted! let us at least support appearances; give out that you are an opulent merchant, and perhaps my father will be accommodating; at least I will immediately hasten to him, and try all my powers of persuasion.

Couloffe.—Do so, my best adviser; I shall wait your return with all the anxiety of love and expectation.

[*Exit Dalira.*

Couloffe.—This is a bold expedient; how surprising it is that women, in all cases of difficulty, should have a more enterprising spirit and steady perseverance than our sex! I fear Dalira is too sanguine; and if so, we are undone for ever.

Enter the Cadi.

Cadi.—I salute you, Sir; may I beg to know your name and connections here? in my official capacity I am authorised to make the demand, as no adventurer is ever encouraged within the walls of Caracorum.

Couloffe. (*Alarmed.*)—Sir, you astonish me; the abruptness of your interrogation, the austerity of your manners, and the doubts you seem to entertain of my responsibility, are extremely mortifying.

Cadi. It may be so, young man; but still it behoves you to give unequivocating answers to my questions.—Who are you? whence came you? and what is your business here?

Couloffe.—Although I do not think myself bound to answer your questions, I will give you all the information you

ought to require.—My name is Couloffe; I am a merchant of Ispahan; and having espoused the fair daughter of the rich Bonbec, am come hither to reside, in compliance with her desire.

Cadi.—Sir, I beg your pardon; but where is your property, your attendants?

Couloffe.—Anxious to obtain the sanction and blessing of our parent, we have hastened forward; leaving the camels, which are loaded with valuable merchandise, upon the road, under the escort of proper superintendants.

Cadi.—Sir, I am perfectly satisfied. I am intimately acquainted with the worthy Bonbec, and shall be happy in renewing my acquaintance with you under his roof; till then, forgive the seeming impertinence of my questions.

Couloffe.—Make no further apology, Sir; my temporary resentment is soon appeased. [*Exit Cadi.*

Couloffe.—I am in a pretty dilemma now; if Dalira does not succeed with her father, I shall be detected and punished as an impostor.

Enter Dalira, dejectedly.

Dalira.—Oh, my dear Couloffe, I fear my indiscretion has but augmented your misfortunes.

Couloffe.—Have you then been unsuccessful?

Dalira.—I know not how to give you encouragement; my father was deaf to all I could advance; he says I have thrown myself into the arms of a needy adventurer, and that he will detect and pursue you with his vengeance.

Couloffe.—What is to be done?—The cadi has been here, and threatened me with public disgrace. I invented a plausible tale of our wealth, but I fear he credits it not; and a few hours will expose us.

Dalira.—I hope you will not blame me for what I have done. Filled with desperation by my father's obstinacy, I rushed into the presence of the Great Usbec Can, and boldly pleaded your cause before him.

Couloffe.—You was not so rash, surely?

Dalira.—I thought you would condemn me, but I had no alternative. He listened to me with unexpected condescension, and I related to him every particular, with the closest veracity. When I concluded, he raised me graciously, and bade me return to you; that he would give the

affair consideration, and if any thing could with propriety be done, I might rely on his good offices.

Couloffe.—And do you place any dependance on this evasive promise, Dalira?

Dalira.—Alas! no; the interference of the Cadi will spoil all. I expect my father too, that he may be satisfied whether I have told him truth; we shall be ruined inevitably.

Enter an Eunuch.

Eunuch.—Are these the apartments of the merchant Couloffe?

Couloffe.—I am that person; what is your business?

Eunuch.—I have the charge of your merchandise, and have brought it hither in safety. The camels are now in the market-place; whither do you wish me to conduct them?

Couloffe. (*Aside to Dalira*).—What mystery is this?

Dalira.—It must be the work of the prophet himself.

Couloffe.—I will attend you to the place, and seek out some convenient warehouses. Dalira, my love, I shall not be long absent; detain your father, if he arrives before me.

[*Exit with Eunuch.*

Dalira.—This man has surely mistaken Couloffe for some other merchant; this will be worse and worse.

Enter Bonbec.

Bonbec.—Well, daughter, I have considered this match; and if, as you tell me, this stranger is a man of property, I may perhaps be induced to sanction your marriage.

Dalira.—Wait but a little while, Sir, and he will be here; he is now gone to dispose of his merchandise in proper warehouses.

Enter an Officer.

Officer.—The Prince Usbec Can requires the immediate attendance of the merchant Couloffe.

Dalira. (*In confusion.*)—Heavens! what will be our fate? He shall wait on the prince with all possible speed.

[*Exit Officer.*

Bonbec.—This sounds well. So then, your husband is known to the Can; he is a person of more consequence than I imagined. Who knows, daughter, but you have done well after all; I have strange news to tell you.

Dalira.—Of what nature, Sir?

Bonbec.—You shall hear: Mirgehan is dethroned; his enemies have triumphed, and have taken possession of Ispahan. The prince is here himself incognito, accompanied by his favourite mistress, who would not forsake him in his adversity; they are under the protection of Usbec Can.

Dalira.—Merciful prophet! what strange revolutions take place in the affairs of thy children!

Enter Couloffe.

Dalira.—Dear Couloffe, have you arranged every thing to your satisfaction? (*Aside.*) Be collected, this is my father.

Couloffe. (*Significantly*).—Every thing is as I could wish, nothing has been damaged; and I have good reason to believe our present stock will raise incalculable profit.

Bonbec.—Young man, I am induced, by the solicitations of Dalira, who you well know has great power of persuasion, to accept you for my son-in-law; give me your hand, we are now friends. But the great Usbec Can has sent for you; therefore make yourself ready without delay; and after your conference with him, meet me at my house. Daughter, this embrace assures you of my forgiveness; and now fare you well. [*Exit.*

Dalira.—So far all goes on prosperously; but how it will end, I am at a loss to guess. You must now hasten to the Can: on his decision our fate depends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*A State Chamber.*

Usbec Can, in conference with Prince Mirgehan and Ghulendam.

Mirgehan.—I own I was rash and impetuous; but jealousy is such a venemous serpent, that its first sting wounds to madness. I shall feel oppressed in the presence of that injured young man.

Usbec Can.—There is no occasion for it. If I mistake not, Couloffe has a princely disposition, and will think no more of the past; I knew and esteemed his father—but here they come.

Enter Couloffe and Dalira.

Usbec Can.—Approach with confidence, Couloffe; you have nothing to fear; all is known, and forgiven on our side. I have taken care to send you wherewithal to estab-

lish you as a merchant, and have no doubt of your acting with prudence and integrity.

Couloffe.—Generous prince! words are inadequate to speak my gratitude; but may I hope to meet a friend too in Mirgehan?

Mirgehan.—Doubt it not; it is for me to ask forgiveness for my unjust suspicions and impetuous resentment; I have been punished for my misconduct; for the bravery of Couloffe would have saved my kingdom. The noble-minded Ghulendam has convinced me of my error.

Couloffe.—This is pleasure unexpected! My satisfaction at beholding you thus sensible of the merits of the fair Ghulendam, amply compensates me for your past unkindness; should my services be again required, trust me, I will not be backward in evincing my zeal.

Usbec Can.—All then is peace and amity; let Bonbec be sent for, and we will make a general rejoicing.

Dalira.—Thanks to our generous prince. E. F.

General Observations on the Fashions.

THE most fashionable dresses are now made of thin plain muslin, in the frock fashion; very high across the bosom, with waist moderately lengthened.

There are a great variety of bonnets. The queen of Scots shape, in straw, is the newest; but is not generally becoming. Cambric muslin bonnets are much worn for the morning dress; but the most fashionable are sarsnet, with flowers, or light fancy feathers.

The most elegant covering is the scarf shawl, of net, with an embroidered border: coloured sarsnet scarfs are also worn, with border worked in chenille.

The prevailing colours are lilac, jonquille and pea green.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH THREE ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1. SHORT dress of muslin; pelisse of fine cambric, and fashionable straw hat; yellow gloves.

Full Dress.—A round dress of pale pink sarsnet, covered with a stout robe of white crape, or net; a cap of white lace, or net, and bows, ornamented with a red rose in front.

LONDON DRESSES for JUNE.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry. June 1 1808.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

ELEGIAC LINES

On the Second Anniversary of the Death of a Young Lady,

MAY 9, 1808.

(See page 92, August, 1806.)

I.

STILL musing o'er the mouldering heap,
Where lov'd Eliza's relics lie,
And in their silent mansion sleep,
Like all that's mortal doom'd to die,
I justly drop the sadly-pleasing tear,
Which, as it falls, inspires the soul with peace;
And be th' important hour remote or near,
When sublunary things with me shall cease,
Still memory shall record her name,
And hail returning May:
The memory of her spotless fame,
Demands my grateful lay.
Thrice happy soul! to brighter regions fled;
To whom the Omnipresent Father gives
New powers.—Her words, like these, around my head,
Imagination hears—" Eliza lives.
" She finds a refuge in her Saviour's breast,
" And time will bring the hour when thou shalt also rest.

II.

" While on life's ocean tempest tost,
" Our early friendship, tho' sincere,
" By dire vicissitude was crost,
" And ofttimes ceas'd the heart to cheer.

" Not so with kindred souls remov'd to heaven,
" Whose high delights the mental powers ne'er cloy;
" The Saviour's robe and palm to each is given,
" With an enlargement for each native joy.
" In patience still possess thy soul,
" And time's incessant flight
" Will speed its way as ages roll:
" And heaven's ethereal light
" Shall then disclose those mansions in the skies,
" Which for the just Jehovah's hand prepar'd,
" Ere light from night's dark womb did first arise,
" Or nature's lovely fabric first was rear'd;
" Ere Heaven's Almighty Architect employ'd
" His skill to form this world, from chaos dark and void.

III.

" Go then; let contemplation lead
" Thy feet to trace the blissful road,
" By pure religion's sacred aid,
" From nature up to nature's God.
" Away with fleeting joys of earthly sense;
" The soul was form'd for more exalted bliss,
" It bears the stamp of higher excellence,
" From the great source of endless happiness.
" Imparadis'd in holy ease,
" Her worth may grow divine,
" The LIGHT HIMSELF shall never cease,
" On all her powers to shine.
" O love the path that thither leads direct;
" Lo! truth to thee will all her light display;
" Her powerful aid shall still thy soul protect,
" Then bend obsequious to her sovereign sway;
" So shall our BOND OF FRIENDSHIP made above,
" Receive JEHOVAH'S NAME and SEAL OF ENDLESS LOVE."

IV.

The sacred warning teach my mind,
To count all earthly things but dross;
And lighter than the viewless wind,
To find my treasure in the cross.
Departed saint! May I that aid insure
That led thy gentle soul through death's dark vale,
To shores where false delights no more allure,
Nor ills thy endless sweet repose assail.
O, how shall I that height sublime,
On heavenly pinions soar,
Through all th' extent of space and time,
And reach th' eternal shore,

Where thou art gone? Ah! how, but by a heart
Devoted to my Saviour and my Lord;
To be resign'd, with all below to part,
Except the treasures of his sacred word;
With stedfast zeal th' important task pursue,
To meet th' eternal morn when God creates anew.

J. R. *Royal Navy.*

STANZAS.

LOVELY May, thou'rt welcome as joy to the breast,
Where sorrow has long held her comfortless reign;
For as joy soothes the sigh of the mourner to rest,
So thy smile decks with beauty and gladness the plain.

And much dearer thy beam, when stern winter's cold arm
Has been stretch'd o'er the plain, while young spring should have smil'd;
When April has boasted no sweetness, no charm,
And her tears have been frozen, her gales rudely wild.

Then no bird rais'd its anthem-song sweet from the spray,
Not a beauty appear'd in the wide-spreading scene;
Winter's palsied hand blasted the gloom-cover'd day,
And check'd all the blooms that should spangle the green.

But, lo! May appears, with a smile on her brow,
And winter no more dares assert his harsh pow'r,
He instant expires,—and the dirge he shall know,
Is a song of delight from each bright-budding bow'r.

May 2, 1808. J. M L.

SONNET.

TO THE MOON.

HAIL, lucid orb, that in yon deep profound,
Has from primeval time thy radiance shone,
Midst twinkling stars, that run their shining round
Where solemn silence holds her awful throne;
Thy friendly beams home trudging peasants cheer,
As wand'ring on a solitary plain;
When Nox has spread his sable mantle drear,
And fancy paints the visionary strain,

Thy ray benign consoles the woe-worn breast,
Dries ev'ry tear, bids raging cease,
On those in virtue's spotless vestment drest,
Thou pourest profuse the cordial balm of peace.
Like thy fair light may I, with brow serene,
When death commands, forego each fragile scene.

Finsbury, May 9, 1808. JOSEPH HAWKINS.

HASTILY-WRITTEN LINES,

Occasioned by a Friend desiring the Author to employ his Muse in writing something on a young Lady who was accidentally scalded on the arm.

WHAT can I bring to grace a theme,
So scalding to poor rhyme;
Sooner could I invent a dream,
Or sing of beauty's prime.

Though, if it would at all avail,
I'd curse the burning drop,
That dar'd on her its heat exhale,
Which friendship could not stop.

But, as a chip in porridge thrown,
Does neither good nor harm;
So oaths had best be let alone,
To cure a scalded arm.

Much cooler things than oaths, I ween,
Had better be applied;
Hibernia's root, well scrap'd, and clean,
With lenient oils beside.

Still shall a humble poet's lay,
A friendly wish express;
A wish, as pure as infant day,
Not cloth'd in flatt'ry's dress.

Soon may Hygeia's healing pow'r,
Restore thy form to ease,
Again to share the happy hour
With friends, whom most you please.

Feb. 2, 1808. J. M. L.

SONNET.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird! when in the forest-shade conceal'd,
Ere twilight peeps upon thy downy nest,
While nature hush'd on slumber's peaceful breast,
And ev'ry eyelid by her charm is seal'd;
I love to wander near thy sylvan shade,
To hear thee pour on air thy plaintive theme,
While fancy wild enjoys the pierian dream,
Or contemplation does the soul pervade;
Till then, sweet bird! thy pure wild numbers pour,
Still to these haunts thy midnight guest beguile,
Where fancy still may court Erato's smile,
And contemplation with Urania soar!
Zephyrus' wings shall waft each plaintive note,
And on *his* breast to *mine* thy sorrow float!

Dec. 10, 1807. T. BRAND.

HOPE.

ON A SECOND TIME LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

AGAIN retirement's peaceful shades I flee,
And calm domestic joy, and social glee;
Again I feel keen separation's dart,
Wound all the softer feelings of my heart:
Once more on life's advent'rous sea to cast
My fragile bark; tho' oft a ruthless blast
Ere now had wreck'd it on the faithless main;
But for kind Hope, and the delusive train;
Yet still it rose superior to the storm,
And straight the waves of care no more deform
Each fairer prospect; but confess thy sway,
And, with obsequious awe, thy will obey.
Swift at his word th' impetuous waves subside,
And smooth, and placid flows the foaming tide;
E'en now she whispers, an auspicious gale
May yet arise; and that my little sail,
May on the world's tempestuous ocean ride,
And safely midst the rocks and billows glide.

Then, hail to thee! dissimulating power,
Best comforter, when frowning tempests lour:
When torpid grief invades our vital part,
And plunges deep the dagger in the heart;
When lank and sallow care, with meagre face,
And sullen frown, all mirth and joy erase;
When dark despondency o'erwhelms the soul,
And gloomy thoughts o'er all our senses roll;
When bleak adversity, with iron brow,
Bids us before her shrine exulting bow;
And stern misfortune, poring by our side,
With smile malignant, views our humbled pride;
'Tis then thou com'st, and, with a magic charm,
Those powers of dread and darkness to disarm,
Soon as thy chearful form alarm'd they spy,
Back to their gloomy caves they quickly hie,
Glad to escape with all their hideous train,
Into their native Erebus again.
Then still to thee glad homage will I pay,
Alluring phantom! and still bless thy sway,
If thou wilt but with a deceitful smile,
The dreary, sombre, road of life beguile;
And shed across my path one cheerful ray,
To guide me to the final close of day;
Then scenes exstatic place within my view,
And all the faded joys of life renew.

LOUISA.

ACROSTIC.

B LEST with a lovely form, and sense refin'd,
E v'n rival beauties own thy matchless worth;
S weet sensibility adorns thy mind,
S oft pity, virtue, pure and cheerful mirth:
Y e thoughtless fair, who crowd the midnight ball,
G o learn the comforts of domestic life;
R eflect how soon your favorite pleasures pall,
U seless, oft ending in unseemly strife.
N eglect not fair religion, heav'n-born maid!
D ecoy'd by pleasures soft alluring voice,
Y e know how soon both youth and beauty fade,
S eek then bright virtue's never fading joys.

October, 1807. G.

ENIGMA.

SOON as the Almighty form'd this earth,
I had my origin and birth;
Without my aid no man could live,
The fainting traveller I revive;
The hardy tar I oft attend,
A dreadful foe, a pleasing friend;
When gallant Nelson bravely fought,
My soothing aid the hero sought;
In vain his courage and his skill,
Had prov'd against my sov'reign will.
For *Balchen* *, tho' as Nelson brave,
I doom'd unto a wat'ry grave.
The knotted oak, the cloud-capt tower,
Alike confess my mighty power:
Sometimes I help to grind your corn,
'Tis I who sound the cheerful horn;
And when I sing my Maker's praise,
The organ's solemn voice I raise;
Fair Emma, when with heat oppress'd,
Invites me to her panting breast;
I oft salute the rural 'squire,
Or help Sue light her sullen fire.
I have been known to load a gun,
The fleetest horse I can outrun;
I'm very thin, light as a feather;
I'm very loud in stormy weather.
And when I raise my boist'rous voice,
No scold can make so great a noise;
I'm very warm, I'm very cold;
Meek as a lamb, as tyger bold.
The fickle and inconstant fair,
Mankind do oft to me compare;
Tho' full as oft in them you'll find,
A lighter or more trifling mind.
But sure enough has been express'd,
And long, ere this, my name you've guess'd

G.

* Sir John Balchen, admiral of the white, who, after faithfullly serving his king and country for fifty-eight years, perished on board the Victory, in the year 1744.

SOLUTIONS

OF THE TWO CHARADES WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

1.

White is the *lock* on age's brow,
And youth, alas! dont love it;
But *Whitelock* is a name we know,
That nobody will covet.

J. M. L.

2.

Why torture thus each pretty *ear*,
Fair ladies, 'tis *a bore*;
And as a *wig* you dont much fear,
Why dread an *earwig* more.

J. M. L.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The necesity we are under of concluding all our continued subjects in the present volume, obliges us to defer many valuable communications.—"The Shield and Spectacles," an Allegorical Romance—and various other favours, will have place in our next Number.

We are sorry that the indisposition of the Author of the Intelligent Traveller, makes it necessary for us to apologise for the unavoidable delay of that interesting communication—we hope to be enabled to continue it very soon.

We are obliged to Candidus for his zeal, but have good authority for believing our statement correct in the article alluded to, of which we think the *name* might satisfy him; however, if he can procure us *more authentic* information, we will readily insert it.—With respect to Dr. Moore not being the author of the Post Captain, we can only say, that it was announced as his before the death of that respectable writer; and, if not, we trust that publishers have too much *integrity* to *impose* on the public in the manner our correspondent would insinuate.

Our correspondents are so numerous, that we must beg of those who favour us with very large packets, not to think themselves slighted, if only a small portion finds room in each month.

Lines, by Trafalgarius, have been accidentally mislaid.—Though the subject has been nearly worn out, we are willing to insert his production, as it possesses particular merit, if he will take the trouble to supply us with a fresh copy.

Our numerous poetical correspondents will have due attention paid them in our next.

The ingenious Answer to the Charade in our last, should have appeared, but that it was anticipated by that which we have inserted; and we cannot admit two on the same subject.

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